

## TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.  
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### HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

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It is the idea of the Washington Post that "Englishmen who object to the language employed by baseball writers have too little knowledge of the game to know if they want to attract attention they must receive their critical energies for the umpire."

A New York woman purchased and used some hairdye. It turned her locks a bright, bright green. She sued the maker of it for damages. A court awarded her \$500. Now this court would have done some better service if it had rendered a judgment to this effect: "Served her right."

Let no voter forget the fact that the time is at hand now for the signing of the petitions requesting Mayor Green to call a special election to decide whether or not Topeka shall try the commission form of government. Only six hundred signatures are really needed on the petitions but it wouldn't be a bad plan to get a few thousand names on them.

Jeff Davis of Arkansas says the United States senate is no place for William Jennings Bryan. It's too small for him. This is something of a calamity for it reduces materially the important niches in public life that are open to the great Nebraska orator. The people have already decided no less than three times that he is too small for the presidential chair.

According to a decision by Judge Dana of the district court it is unlawful for insane patients to be confined in institutions within the city limits. Presumably this same dictum of law will apply to the county jail where insane persons are kept for long and short periods of time because there is no room for them at the state hospitals or the state hospitals refuse to accept them.

If the state guaranty deposit law is defective to the extent that it will work out to the disadvantage of the state banks as compared with the plan of the national banks for the guaranty of their deposits a special session of the legislature should be called by all means to remedy these defects. All of the bankers in the state should be on the same plane on this most important subject of guaranteeing deposits.

Bishop McPaul, of the Roman Catholic diocese, of Tronton, N. J., has denied the statements credited to him in which attacks were made on the morality of the students in the large American universities in the east. No one with any sense believed for a minute that Bishop McPaul made such statements. Yellow journals have a way, peculiarly their own, of twisting a prominent man's utterances so as to make sensations out of them.

African buffaloes may now be said to be undergoing the process of benevolent assimilation which has been used with such a fine exterminating effect on the buffaloes and also the Indians which once enjoyed life on the western plains of the United States. Colonel Roosevelt killed three more of them before breakfast the other morning. The Smithsonian institution will have to put up a special pavilion covering at least an acre in which to house merely the buffalo specimens of the Roosevelt hunt. And, then, possibly, it will have a few stuffed buffalo hides to let.

Here's one effect of revising the tariff according to the Aldrich plan. Because of the proposed increases in the wool schedules the dealers in men's clothing, so it is reported from New York, have decided to add nearly 100 per cent to the retail prices of their wares. It is naively remarked in the dispatch telling of this fact that the clothing sellers "look upon the situation with much satisfaction." Why shouldn't they? But their satisfaction is more than offset by the chagrin which rather overwhelms the consumers of limited purses.

C. L. Davidson, who is mayor of Wichita under the commission form of government, which has been in operation in that city since April, says: "It is not too early for anyone to form an intelligent judgment as to the final success of the commission

plan in Wichita, but I know this much; we get more work done now in a week than the mayor and council under the old plan used to get done in a month." And that's a mighty good reason why Topeka should try the commission form of government. It's the delay in handling most of a city's affairs under the old, complex system of municipal government, that greatly militates against their successful accomplishment.

### LAYMEN RIVAL DOCTORS.

Confirming the recent statement of Dr. William Osler, that the anti-tuberculosis campaign is no longer a battle for the doctors only, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis issues a statement today, in which it is shown that over 45 per cent of those enlisted in the White Plague War are laymen.

The National Association's membership, consisting of nearly 2,500, and representing every state in the Union, is composed of 54.6 per cent doctors and 45.4 per cent laymen. In the local and state associations, however, throughout the country, the percentage of laymen averages considerably over 50 per cent. The National Association declares that this fact is peculiarly significant, as indicating the great popularity of the anti-tuberculosis movement.

Twenty-five years ago, when the campaign against tuberculosis was started in this country by Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, even the doctors laughed at the movement. Gradually the medical profession called the possibilities of organized fight against tuberculosis, and in 1904, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis was formed by the American Medical association. At that time the percentage of laymen in the association was only 12.9, and very few persons were interested in the campaign against this disease.

Today, according to recent figures published by the National Association, churches, schools, labor unions, women's clubs, fraternal organizations, and state legislatures, interesting fully 8,000,000 people, are all allied in the campaign against tuberculosis, and in addition to these, laymen of all classes of society, and in every branch of social and industrial life, are uniting against this common foe.

Every day sees hundreds of new recruits in the war, and every day brings new methods for the fighting of the plague. The National Association predicts that if the present degree of interest is maintained, within five years everybody in the United States will have been informed on the way to prevent and cure tuberculosis, and concerning the infectious nature of the disease.

Two things in particular are needed, and for these the National Association is working in every way. They are, a more complete registration of tuberculosis cases, and the further isolation of dangerous advanced cases of consumption.

### NO CHANGES NEEDED.

Advices from Washington indicate now that there is little foundation to the recent rumor that Representative Charles F. Scott, of the Second Kansas congressional district, is slated to succeed James Wilson, of Iowa, as secretary of agriculture in the Taft cabinet before the year is out. Mr. Wilson makes it known that he has no intention of resigning his post in the near future unless his resignation is requested. There is little reason to believe that it will be, because "Tama Jim," as he is fondly known, has rendered distinguished service in this office, even if he has been a little off occasionally or agricultural matters as they relate to Kansas.

This may be looked upon as good news all around. Kansas would feel honored with one of her sons in the presidential cabinet and Mr. Scott has the capabilities of filling the chair of secretary of agriculture with distinction. But in his present influential position as chairman of the committee on agriculture of the house of representatives he is really in a better position to favor the agricultural interests of the country than he would be as secretary of agriculture. Somebody might be appointed to succeed him as chairman of the agricultural committee who would not be in such sympathy as he is with the development of the agricultural interests of the nation in all of their many particulars.

A secretary of the United States department of agriculture would not be able to accomplish much in his line if his plans for the improvement of the agricultural conditions of the country did not receive favorable consideration from the hands of congress; if the national law-makers did not provide him with the funds necessary to carry out his projects; and if they also did not have the inclination to suggest by legislation certain projects of their own making for the betterment and development of agricultural affairs. The bulk of the congressional work in this respect is done by the agricultural committees of the senate and the house of representatives, and since Mr. Scott has been at the head of the latter committee the greater portion of this work has been done by it.

So in his present capacity Mr. Scott is doing a yeoman's service for agriculture. It is not too much to say that he and the other members of congress who are deeply interested in this question of such vital importance to the whole people of the United States, have helped in a great measure to make the success which has been achieved of late years by the federal department of agriculture. And this is said with no desire or intent to disparage in any way the work of Mr. Wilson.

### TOPEKA'S BALL TEAM.

It is not an unusual thing these days to hear local baseball fans, or rather those individuals who like to be considered as such, deliver themselves of severe criticisms of the general all-around playing of the members of the Topeka team. And while this department is not any better informed on baseball than it is on a variety of other topics, it would appear that the Topeka

ball players are doing even a little better than might have been expected of them.

They now stand fourth in the race for the Western League pennant and the leaders of it are not so many points away from them—somewhere around 55 points to be more exact. This is considerably nearer than hailing distance, and is a much better position than the teams in fourth place in the major leagues now find themselves. In the National League, Cincinnati stands fourth in the percentage column of games won and is more than 200 points behind the leading team, Pittsburgh. Cleveland occupies fourth place in the American League race and is about 140 points behind Detroit, the leader. It is probably well within the truth to say that the fans of Cincinnati and Cleveland are not going out of their way to call their baseball players poor exponents of the national game because they are occupying fourth place in their respective leagues, and not nearly as good a fourth place as is held by the Topeka team in its league.

Time, money and the hardest kind of clever work is needed to perfect a winning aggregation of ball tossers in any league. It is not the work of one year, either. Baseball promoters in various cities have been working for many years with this end in view without accomplishing it. But some of the baseball "enthusiasts" of Topeka do not seem to realize this. They appear to think that the Topeka team on entering faster company than it has ever traveled in before should have started out at, or right next door to, the head of the league and remained there. This not being the case, they are sorely disgruntled with the work of Dick Cooley's squad and are airing around their views on the effect on all possible occasions. They ought to be denied the privilege of going to the ball games. If the Topeka team finishes at the end of the season in as good a position as it now is, it will have done all that could reasonably have been expected of it. And the team would probably do better if it were treated with more generous criticism, which it honestly deserves. In the barber shop, cigar store and drug store leagues. It doesn't help ball players or any other class of individuals who are doing their best and trying to do better to have indiscriminate sneers and abuse. And this is not the treatment that the Topeka ball players deserve. They are doing very well and they ought to get a little applause for it.

### JOURNAL ENTRIES

There's little consolation during hot weather in the thought that it might be hotter.

This is most satisfying. The snobs of society seldom if ever amount to anything else.

Some songs would be just fine if the words to them meant anything and their tunes had any semblance to music.

Necessity may be the mother of invention but her family is altogether too small. There are lots of needed devices to make living easier.

If the meals at the average boarding house did not have different names there wouldn't be much in the way of variety to them.

### JAYHAWKER JOTS

Ten of Clay Center's citizens are traveling in Europe this summer. But it won't be long before they'll be back. There are still 3,490 persons left in the town.

John Grate and Jennie Scott were married in Logan county recently and naturally one of the editors in that locality headed the wedding notice, "Grate-Scott."

A new daily publication in Kansas is "The Pink Rag" which is out each evening at Ellsworth by the Foster print shop. Its news column is devoted to the day's baseball results.

Woman," says a Western Kansas editor, "is always waiting for a husband. If single, she is waiting for him to propose; if married, she is waiting for him to come home."

In Paola a few days ago a little boy fell from a tree and broke a "limb." The Republican says that the neighbors, with the kindest of intentions, called a cab, sent for the family doctor and telegraphed to Illinois for his mother to end her visit and start for home on the next train. It was discovered later that the tree suffered the injury, instead of the boy.

This, says the Atchison Globe, is the kind of person the women send in: "Miss Jeanette Alice Marie Evans of Topeka and Miss Katherine Catherine Jones of St. Joseph, are visiting Miss Louise Hyde-Brownfield Peats, at number seven hundred and thirty-four Lincoln street." The way it appears in the paper: Misses Jennie Evans of Topeka and Kate Jones of St. Joe are visiting Miss Lou Peats."

Last Thursday evening Wm. H. Willis treated the editor and family and others of the household, and naturally one of the editors in that locality headed the wedding notice, "Grate-Scott."

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]  
 Most of the queerness of women's hats is on the outside; of men's on the inside.

A boy does pretty well in college not to learn to dress like a Welsh rabbit dream.

Sometimes a girl will accept the judgment of her father, unless it is about a man.

The reason people can have such big families is they don't know how to raise them.

Evans would rather never have had a husband than admit it was her only proposal.

## KANSAS COMMENT

### COUNTRY TOWN BASEBALL.

Many country towns in Kansas have baseball games on Sunday, and to some of them admission is charged. If it is wrong to play baseball on Sunday in one place, it is equally wrong to play baseball in some other place. They talk about the cities being "tough," but it is a fact that the National League, Cincinnati stands fourth in the percentage column of games won and is more than 200 points behind the leading team, Pittsburgh. Cleveland occupies fourth place in the American League race and is about 140 points behind Detroit, the leader. It is probably well within the truth to say that the fans of Cincinnati and Cleveland are not going out of their way to call their baseball players poor exponents of the national game because they are occupying fourth place in their respective leagues, and not nearly as good a fourth place as is held by the Topeka team in its league.

### BREWERS' AGREEMENT FALLS FLAT.

For some time the brewers' association has been making the plea that it will do all in its power to clean out disreputable saloons and resorts and has blamed the low dive for the present prohibition wave. The association of the brewers in Atlantic City week before last they came out strong against whisky and in favor of beer saloons. They should be conducted in an orderly and decent manner. This plea has been made in the fights in Indiana and Ohio where counties have recently voted on local option. At Topeka, the brewers and the saloonists have been making a practice of making a fortune, and have failed to keep their promise. It is stated that while the local dealers want to carry out the promise eight of the state brewers will not agree to the cleaning out of the dives.

It has been the history of the fight against liquor that saloons can not be conducted in a decent manner. Of course there are a few in every town where they are allowed, but they will lay down a set of strict rules and follow them, but where one does this two will not. The vast majority of the saloons in Kansas are too shortsighted to see that they have a business by allowing dives to run, but they can resist the few dollars the dives will bring them.

Dr. Younkers now proves that the argument of the brewers amounts to nothing.—Wichita Eagle.

### SHE WAS NOT DESTITUTE.

The justice before Mrs. Howard Gould's case is being tried, has stricken from the count the charge that Mr. Gould did not support her. Of course he didn't give her all that she wanted, and possibly not as much as she needed, but the court decided that she was not in destitute circumstances.

This is the first time a man or woman. The recent notion that a wife needs \$50,000 a year for her wardrobe, has worried a great many common sense people. It is a ridiculous remedy to them to know that the able court will convict a man of cruelty and non-support who allows only \$30,000 a year to his wife for her dress.—Wichita Beacon.

### FROM OTHER PENS

#### A SANER FOURTH.

It is remarkable, when one gives the subject any thought, that the movement for a quieter, saner observance of the fourth of July has made more rapid progress than the ancient Egyptians are held in horror by many good people because they rarely observe the day. The worshippers of Moloch sacrificed a few boys to that cruel god of fire on the fourth of July, and the Athenians, for their part, according to a doubtful legend, sent 10 youths a year to Crete as the price of safety from the rest, but the sacrifice of a mistaken belief in the twentieth century far exceeds anything that history has recorded for the ancients. According to the figures compiled by the Chicago Tribune, more than 800 lives have been sacrificed in the celebration of the anniversary of independence in the last 10 years, and nearly 50,000 have been injured. The observance of the day is a tragedy.

When tetanus or lockjaw has had time to develop, the fatalities are frightfully increased.—Manchester Union.

#### COMPETITION AND THE TARIFF.

If you ever are troubled about the high and increasing cost of living you have reason to be interested in reducing the protective tariff. But you may never have thought of the same problem that contributes much to the cost of living. Indeed, this aspect, which is scarcely of lower duties in congress, should be commanding enough to bring about sound tariff revision.

If it is true that competition is the life of trade, that necessity is the mother of invention, and that when an industry or a line of trade is strongly sheltered by monopoly it is not stimulated to perfection, then the tariff, which is a protection, its internal economics, as it would be under strong competition. It is a fact that in many particulars European manufactures are better in quality and workmanship, and yet cost less in the making—even leaving out the consideration of labor—because the competitive system compels the manufacturer to compete in quality and prices. So long as there is competition, the public gets large benefits. Under a system of monopoly and protection the manufacturer has no incentive to improve his quality or prices, and the industry gets all the benefits, while the public gets all the injuries. The consumer buys inferior articles at excessive cost.—Kansas City Times.

#### COMPENSATION.

Enormous sums old Bullion pays for all that flaring gilt of his. He loves the gold of sunny days. He loves to hear the clanging alms; He loves to make his motor whiz; He's bound to cut a dash. I trust I'll never leave his side. The ways are cool and sweet where I saunter tranquilly or lie. Within the shade and seclusion of the With all that gives to life its June.

Poor Bullion has a sorry load To carry through the motley crowd; He cannot tramp the open road; Where sylvan country laughs aloud. With power and place his back is bowed. And old legends hedge him round. I dare to muse and hear the sound Of some sweet minstrel of the wood. The cheer his heart's calm solitude. Or with a loving hand constrains The fairest flowers of hill or plain.

Old Bullion scoffs at men like me Who cannot rule a human herd; By fear's authority we're ruled. He thinks my little life absurd. And yet I labor for my pay. My pay? A conscience undeluded. And yet I labor for my pay. The freedom of the universal. The chance to help—it might be worse.—Chicago News.

#### How to Live Long.

A Paris contemporary has been instructing its readers how to live to a good age, drawing its conclusions from the lives and writings of distinguished men. Michael Eugene Chevreul, the celebrated French chemist, lived 100 years, was always very frugal in regard to his diet and considered a happy disposition to be an important factor contributing to his long life. "Victor Hugo had a table set at the wall of his house with the following: 'Rising at 6, dining at 10, supping at 6, retiring at 10 make the life of the Frenchman long.' The health of Moltke's health in his great moderation in all things.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson declared that those who wished to reach a century must neither smoke nor drink. They should eat sparingly of meat, work as little as possible by artificial light, trouble themselves about making a fortune, and never allow ambition to ruin their lives.—London Globe.

#### Rattles Terrorize Ship.

A message from the southern Pacific steamship El Alba, which departed from here Friday evening bound for New York, says that four of the big rattlesnakes were practically in charge of the vessel and that the crew has taken to the rigging and refuses to come down. Captain Quick and two other officers when called to the deck by the rattlesnakes vainly tried to corner a reptile which had appeared on deck and drove the crew to quarters and other places of protection.

The officers of the ship are anxious not to kill the snakes except as a last resort, but the sailors have mutilated against cooing poisonous rattlesnakes back into their quarters and want the snakes killed before they will return to their duties. The snakes were captured in the lower Rio Grande valley, and twelve of the largest specimens were sold to a New York dealer. Six broke out of their cages. Two were recaptured, but four big ones are now terrorizing the ship.—New York Herald.

#### Aeroplane's Real Use in War.

General Bingham is convinced that the Wright aeroplane will be a great factor in the United States Army. He cites the case of a prominent member of that organization who in 1861 fought both strategy and tactics in rapid succession from the Rapid Run, Va. "What are you running for?" inquired a fellow warrior whom he overtook. "Because I can't fly," was the answer. General Bingham thinks the aeroplane will fill a long-felt want.—Waterbury, Conn., American.

#### Canal Scares Horse to Death.

Mistaking a mild-eyed, ambling dromedary in a circus parade Thursday for a terrible beast intent upon devouring him, a handsome black horse, belonging to E. H. Bros., grocers, reared in the shafts, plunged wildly for a few seconds, and dropped to the ground, dead from fright. The dromedary was scared so badly by the antics of the horse that it almost collapsed. When it had recovered partly from its fright it tried to bolt and was prevented from doing so only by vigorous use of the keeper.—Elizabethtown (N. J.) dispatch to New York Press.

#### Where He Slept.

A prosperous farmer sent his son to New York to begin life as a clerk. After he had been in the metropolis for six months the father wrote to the merchant to ascertain how his son was getting on. The merchant answered that the boy was doing well. "Is he sleeping in the store in the daytime, I don't know where he spends his nights?"—The Circle.

#### GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

Boys say that any girl who wants fireworks, is a Tomboy.

It is hard to determine whether some men are cowards, or only cautious.

Killing weeds is more patriotic than waving a flag and singing the National Air.

When a woman has been married twice, she can't help thinking she is a little bit proud of it.

Men are usually willing to arbitrate only when the chances are they would be whipped in a fight.

Occasionally, there is a woman who can turn down every agent except the canvassing photographer who wants to take her children's picture. No woman has been known to resist that.

When a woman's hair—store and home-grown—is so arranged that it is likely to tip her over backwards, that is a "classic coiffure." Other equally important information may be found in the fashion magazines.

The Look On the Bright Side club opened its doors to a new member recently. "I have been kept awake by unnecessary noises two nights," she said when applying for admission, "but, at least, I didn't see any bad dreams."

There is a popular song with the refrain, "I don't know why I love you, but I do." We would suggest that no one try to find out. Trying to find out why one loves another has the same tragic result as punching a hole in a drum to see what makes the noise.

There is a daughter in the Lysander J. Chappin family who is a widow. "I don't know why I love you, but I do," she said when applying for admission, "but, at least, I didn't see any bad dreams."

Mark up the number of feet on the side of your house. It will then be possible when reading letters from traveling friends to know just how high the geyser, mountains, and monuments are. The educational influence in such letters is lost when the reader doesn't know if 100 feet is as high as the barn, or only half as high as the chicken house.

## THE EVENING STORY

### The Rescue of Ruffles.

(By Virginia Blair.)

Social distinctions were not closely drawn at Crag house. The tables were waited on by the daughters of wealthy farmers, who served only because they wished to escape the monotony of country life for a month or two, and because they wished to be in touch with the gaiety and color that the city guests brought to the more remote life of the country.

Ruffles was not a farmer's daughter. She was a child of the city, swept to Crag house by a wave of chance. She had worked in a department store in town, and her health had failed. The doctor to whom she went spoke of the mountains. "I can't afford to go," faltered Ruffles.

"Go and play waitress for a while," suggested the keen-eyed doctor. "Then you can earn something and get well at the same time."

He gave her in a letter to the proprietor of Crag house, and poor little frightened Ruffles fled at once and found the place a paradise after the heat and noise of town.

As time went on, however, she discovered that she was treated as a stranger and an alien. She was neither fish nor flesh, neither guest nor daughter of the soil. She was an unknown girl from the city, who gave country girls kept in their own circle, gave barn dances and mingled with their own friends, while the hotel guests, who were the best of the best, never thought of the little maid who served them.

There was one woman, however, who was kind to Ruffles, with interest. "She is a pretty little thing," she said to her husband.

"Who?" he asked idly.

"The little girl who waits on our table," said Mrs. Witherspoon. "That night she called Ruffles into her room."

"If you will wait on my dress," she said, "I'll be very grateful."

"I can always come in and fasten your dresses," said Ruffles, shyly. "I'd love it. It's lonesome after supper, and the evenings are so long."

"Why don't you go to the barn dances?" Mrs. Witherspoon asked. "Nobody has invited me," Ruffles stammered. "You see, I don't belong to the country set. I'm a kind of outsider."

"Poor little thing!" was Mrs. Witherspoon's mental comment. But aloud she said, "Isn't Mary Granger friendly? She'll be glad to help you."

"No," the blushing maiden over Ruffles' little face. "You see, Mary is different. She has always had things to do. I can't go to the table here to get the extra money and the fun. But—oh, well, I'm different."

"How different?"

"Oh, I'm poor, and I live in a cheap part of the city when I'm home. My clothes are shabby, and I haven't any folks—you know—how people feel."

"I think it's very snobbish of them," Mrs. Witherspoon said indignantly. "Well, anyhow, you come here in the evenings, and help me into my things and we will have some comfy talks."

"How good you are, Mrs. Witherspoon," Ruffles went downstairs and sat on the porch where she could see the hotel guests in the ballroom. She watched the women in their drab gowns as they whirled past, and then, because she was very lonely, she put her head down on her arm and sobbed.

"What's the matter?" asked a voice out of the dark.

"Oh," said Ruffles. "I—I didn't know any one was here."

"Come to find my sister," said the voice again. "I am Frank Granger. I thought I would watch the dancing, and then you came and I heard you crying. If there is anything I can do—"

There was such an honest ring in his voice that Ruffles answered straight from the bottom of her heart. "There isn't a thing. But I am crying because I am lonely."

"Are you one of the waitresses?"

"Yes, I am Ruffles."

"I've heard a quick exclamation. 'I've heard Mary speak of you. You are the little girl from the city—and they called you Ruffles because of the dress you had on when you first came here.'"

"Yes," Ruffles remembered the humiliation of that old gown, with the cheap black flounces.

"You haven't been to any of the barn dances?"

"I haven't been invited."

"You haven't? Well, I'll see that Mary says you to the one at our house tomorrow night. But first, what's your name?"

"Oh, please," Ruffles begged, "don't. It might look as if I was trying to push in."

"Well, I guess not," said Granger. "I'll Mother wait you. I heard her tell Mary last night that if you weren't strong you ought to come to our farm for awhile, and live on milk and eggs."

"And—what did Mary say?" Ruffles asked.

"She laughed. 'Well, Mary said that if you weren't too proud she would be glad to have you.'"

"What?" Ruffles gasped. "Why—why I thought she didn't like me."

"She thinks you are wonderful," the sturdy boy said. "But she says you are from the city, and have such dainty ways and she is so big and awkward."

"Oh, oh," Ruffles was laughing out of sheer joy. "If she said that, why didn't she come to the barn dance?"

"Well, I'll get you the invitation," said Frank simply, and held out his hand. "Be sure come early."

Then he went away, and Ruffles stood there with the whole world changed.

"Oh, Mrs. Witherspoon," she said to that little lady, as